

The Mirror

OF

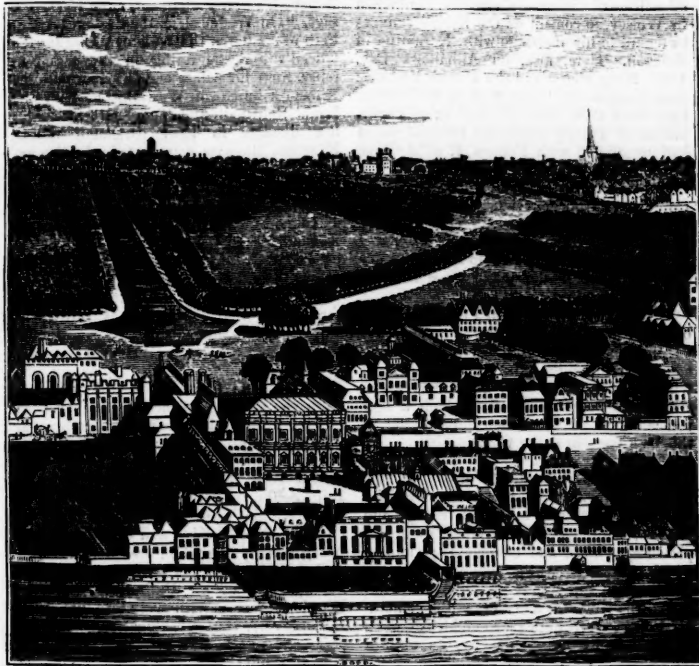
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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WHITEHALL.



WHITEHALL, IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

PROBABLY, neither of our metropolitan palaces is more rife with interesting associations than the ancient Palace of Whitehall. Its celebrity rose and fell within two centuries; a rapidity, which may be said to increase rather than detract from the interest of its history.

Occasional notices of this palace have appeared in the *Mirror*; but these have been in connexion with events which have occurred within the walls rather than descriptive of the situation and extent of the building. Our present purpose will be, therefore, to furnish the reader with a brief sketch of the origin, and the past condition of the ancient "palace at Whitehall."

The site of Whitehall was originally occupied by a noble mansion erected by Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of

England in the reign of Henry III.; and we find this possession described in a grant from the monks of Westminster, as "the inheritance of certain houses, a court, chapel, &c. in the town of Westminster." On the death of Earl Hubert, in 1242. he left this estate to the church of the Black Friars, near "Oldborne," in which he was buried. Soon afterwards, that brotherhood sold it to Walter Gray, Archbishop of York, who made it his town residence, and, on his death, in 1255, bequeathed it as an archiepiscopal palace to his see: whence it acquired the name of York Place. Here, Wolsey, on his promotion in 1514, to the see of York, lived in gorgeous hospitality and courtly pomp: here, as his gentleman-usher, Cavendish, tells us, Wolsey, ranking himself with princes, was, to all that sought him, "sweet as summer," and here,

shining in "the full meridian of his glory," he attained "the highest point of all his greatness." His household, according to his checker roll, amounted to "about the sum of 500 persons; besides his retainers and others, being suitors, that most commonly were fed in his hall."⁷⁸ Many important councils were held here, particularly that of bishops and other learned divines and casuists, summoned by Wolsey, to consult on the King's scruples in regard to his marriage with Katharine of Arragon. Here, also, on Allhallows Day, 1527, King Henry and the French Embassy were sumptuously banquetted on their return from mass at St. Paul's Cathedral, in confirmation of a treaty which the political priest had negotiated with Francis I. at Amiens. Upon Wolsey's disgrace, the King required from him the surrender of York Place, (the Cardinal having previously quitted it for Asher,) and, in the deed, in which Wolsey complied with the King's demand, dated 1530, the estate is stated to consist of one messuage, two gardens, and three acres of land, with appurtenances.

Henry having thus secured the inheritance of this demesne to the Crown, he immediately began to enlarge and improve it, by erecting additional buildings, and connecting them with the adjoining park of St. James; where also, about the same period, he built a new palace on the site of the ancient hospital, to this day, the seat of the Court.

The removal of Henry and his Court to York Place, was mentioned in our last volume. The royal improvements are described as "many distinct, beautiful, costly, and pleasant lodgings, for His Grace's singular pleasure, comfort, and commodity;" among which was an elegant gate-house across the street, and a sumptuous gallery which overlooked the tilt-yard, and formed the communication between York Place and St. James's Park. On the Park side also, he built a tennis-court, cock-pit, and bowling alleys. The gate-house is generally considered to have been designed by Holbein, whom the King had lately taken into his own service, at 200 florins per annum, with apartments in the palace; and the pencil and talents of this great artist were employed to decorate the interior of York Place.

One of the most important events, in its consequences, that ever, perhaps, was recorded in history, was the marriage, at Whitehall, of King Henry and Anne Boleyn, in 1533; of which, many curious particulars have been assembled and collated by an ingenious Correspondent.†

Henry VIII. signed his will in the "*Pallays of Westminster*," (Whitehall,) on the 30th of December, 1547; and he died there January 28, 1547—8.

† Shakspeare, Henry VIII. acts 3 and 4.

‡ See *Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 131.

It does not appear when the name of Whitehall was first given to this palace: it is established that one of the buildings was so called in Henry's time; but it is equally certain that it was not generally applied to the palace till Queen Elizabeth's reign.‡ At this period, Whitehall was the very focus of regal splendour. Holinshed, speaking of Elizabeth's first Parliament, anno 1559—60, says, "On Wednesdaie, the five-and-twentieth of Januarie, the parlement began, the Queen's Majestie riding in hir parlement robes, from hir palace of Whitthall unto the Abbeie Church of Westminster, with the Lords Spirituall and Temporall attending hir, likewise in their parlement robes." Elizabeth likewise caused to be built a superb banquetting house, for the reception of the Commissioners from France, to treat of a marriage between the Queen and the Duc d'Anjou, in 1581. Hentzner, who came to England in this reign, styles Whitehall a palace "truly royal," and enumerates many things there "worthy of observation."

The accession of James I. to the English throne was first proclaimed at Whitehall; and one of his first acts of sovereignty after reaching the palace, was to confer the order of knighthood upon 300 persons, in the garden there. In this and the following reign, the pleasures of the Court were carried on here with much taste and magnificence. "Poetry, painting, music, and architecture, were all called in to make them rational amusements. Ben Jonson was the laureate; Inigo Jones, the inventor of the decorations; Lanieri and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; and the King and Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes."

One of the earliest of these pageants was the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert, (the King's favourite,) with Lady Susan Vere, on December 27, 1604—5. That ceremony was performed in the Chapel at Whitehall; the nuptial dinner was served in the Great Chamber; the masque was played in the Hall; and the newly married couple were lodged in the Council Chamber. On the following Twelfth-day, the young Prince Charles was created Duke of York, with

† Mr. Brayley observes: "It is not improbable that the *White Hall*, properly so called, was erected by Wolsey, and obtained its name from the newness and freshness of its appearance, when compared with the ancient buildings of York Place. Shakspeare, in his play of *King Henry VIII.*, makes one of the interlocutors say, in describing the Coronation of Queen Anne Boleyn:—

'So she parted,

And with the same full state paced back again
To York Place, where the feast is held.'

To this is replied:—

'Sir, you

Must not call it York Place, that is past;

For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:

'Tis now the King's, and called—Whitehall!'

Londiniana, vol. iv. p. 27.*

‡ Walpole's Works, vol. iii. p. 271, 4to.

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great pomp, at Whitehall; and at night was a masque which cost 3,000*l*. In another masque, in 1610, we read of a tilting-match, a gallant sea-fight, and fireworks, which were seen by almost half a million of people. In 1612-13, the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine was celebrated here: there were masques by the Lords and Inns of Court; a new temporary marriage-room; and fireworks in the gardens and on the Thames, which cost 9,000*l*.

Whitehall having now become ruinous, James I. ordered Inigo Jones to furnish a plan for a magnificent palace upon the site. Splendid designs were, accordingly, prepared by the architect: but the extravagance of the Court rendered the scheme abortive, and no part of the intended structure was erected, except the Banqueting House, which is almost the only part of Whitehall Palace that now remains. It occupies the site of the house built by Queen Elizabeth, which being "old, rotten, and slight-built," was pulled down in 1608; in the following year, another house was built here, and this being destroyed by fire, was succeeded by the present Banqueting House. Of this "model of pure and beautiful taste," as Walpole calls it, notices will be found in our previous volumes;* and it is accurately measured and described in one of the Bagford MSS. in the British Museum.†

We have now arrived at the date of the annexed engraving of the Palace, "as it appeared about the reign of James I.," and by aid of a ground-plan engraved by Vertue, from a survey made some fifty years later, we may be enabled to point the reader's attention to the appropriation of the principal buildings in the View.

Ascending from the Thames, beside the small garden are the palace Stairs, at which Wolsey took barge for Putney, "and so to Asher," when he quitted York Place for ever. Above the Stairs and Garden are the Great Hall and Chapel; the apartments of the Court and its offices are to the left; and to the right are the offices, all which are named in Vertue's plan, even to the buttery, bakehouse, wood and coal yards, charcoal-house, spicery, cider-house, &c. the only office near the royal and noble apartments being the wine-cellar, which, in the plan, is as large as the chapel, a proportion in strict accordance with the age. This spacious cellar is at the back of the large building above the central Garden, adjoining the Court, on the opposite side of which is Inigo Jones's splendid Banqueting House, with

the King's Privy Cellar, and other cellars beneath. The building abutting on the left corner of the Court is the Council Office; and in the opposite corner is the palace Gate, opening to the present Parliament-street: opposite are the Horse Guard stables and yard, leading into St. James's Park; to the left are the Foot Guard House and the Tilt Yard; to the right is Wallingford House, where the business of the Navy was transacted until 1723, when the present Admiralty office was commenced; behind is the gambling-house in Spring Gardens. Returning to the river, the left bank rises by a terrace into the Privy Garden, laid out in parterres, and ornamented with marble and bronze statues. To the right of the parterres is indicated the curious dial, constructed for King Charles when Prince of Wales.‡ This dial must not, however, be confounded with the "curious dial" set up in Charles the Second's time, and already described in our Miscellany;§ as the latter dial stood facing the Banqueting House. Charles subsequently built a stone gallery to flank the Privy Garden, and below it suites of apartments for his Beauties.

Above the Privy Garden is the street, with a carriage, (of too modern construction;) and on the opposite side are the Tennis Court, at the back of which is the Cock-pit. To the right of the buildings, and at the left corner of the Banqueting House, are seen the octagonal turrets of Holbein's Gate, which was not removed until the year 1750. It was built of stone and squared flints, and ornamented with busts in *terra cotta*; "three of which, considered to be those of the Henries VII. and VIII., and Bishop Fisher, are now at Hatfield Priory, near Witham, in Essex."|| This Gate-house was used as the State Paper Office many years before its removal, and was called the Cockpit Gate.

In the distance of the Engraving are seen St. James's Park and Palace, and the north-east portion of the Park, or Spring Gardens, with St. Martin's Church,¶ scarcely even then "in the Fields." In the extreme distance to the left, is Arlington House, on the site of which stands Buckingham Palace.

‡ By Edmund Gunter, Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, of which, by command of King James, he published a "Description" in 1624, in quarto. The masonry was wrought by Nicholas Stone, who was paid 46*l*. for his labour. "These dials were placed," Gunter says, "on a stone, which at the base was a square of somewhat more than four feet and a half, the height three feet and three quarters, and, unwrought, contained above eighty feet, or five tonne of stone. Five dials were described on the upper part, viz. one on each of the four corners, and a fifth in the middle, which was the chief of all, the great horizontal concave. Besides the dials at the top, there were others on each of the sides, east, west, north, and south."

§ See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 245, for Engraving and Description, and the same volume, p. 437, for further notice.

|| *Londiniana*, vol. ii. p. 56.*

¶ Taken down in 1721.

* See *Mirror*, vol. xii. p. 430; and vol. xiv. p. 436.
† Printed by Malcolm, in his *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. iv. p. 273. The original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall were bequeathed by Dr. Clarke, of All Souls' College, Oxford, to the Library of Worcester College, wherein, most probably, they are to this day.—Brayley's *Londiniana*, vol. ii.

BUTTERFLIES.

"Roving for ever from flower to flower,
And kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet!"
T. Haynes Bayly.

"*Anima, vagula, blandula.*"—Adrian.

THESE beautiful insects possess charms both for laughing infancy and sober age: the earliest instruction a child receives in Natural History is a delightful *living* lesson,—it catches a butterfly!—and this characteristic exploit is performed almost as soon as it is out of leading strings. Buttercups and butterflies are the first objects of infantine notice and ambition; and the taste thus early acquired is seldom eradicated by the succeeding cares of life. The old man, tottering on the verge of existence, when his dim vision can perceive little besides, seldom fails to observe their flitting beauties; and, as his depressed eyeballs endeavour to trace their devious course, past joys irradiate his memory, and future solemnities chasten his meditative pleasures. With the glimpse of youthful days, which the passing ephemera unveils, he also partially penetrates the deep obscurity of an approaching eternity, and beholds a fair and impressive emblem of the resurrection. The butterfly has always been regarded as a striking image of the final triumph of the just over their last terrific enemy, "the pale monarch of the tomb,"—born from the grovelling, insignificant caterpillar, at its great change it seems to burst from its confinement like the soaring of the human spirit to a more felicitous and enduring destination;—the classic Rogers, in his elegant address to the "papillon," has embodied this idea:—

"Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept—
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept!
And such is man, soon from his cell of clay,
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!"*

The ancients, unaided by the blessed and glorious dawn of Christian revelation, were evidently of this opinion: they placed the semblance of a butterfly at the head of their gravestones, as an image of their *Psyche*—the everlasting soul! thereby doubly intimating transient mortality, and that it would again appear "to flourish in immortal youth,"† with greater effulgence in a new and sinless world. This happy thought has in some measure been followed by our modern inscription of "*Resurgam*" on escutcheons, monuments, &c.

We must now, for the sake of observation, (as far as regards the image,) reverse the order of nature; for though the following remark is somewhat inferior in beauty, it is, perhaps, not so in truth.—It has been said, in reference to the indurating effects of long intercourse with the world, that men begin

life as the butterfly, and retire from its busy scenes like the chrysalis: *i. e.* their entry is fluttering in all the freedom and freshness of unsuspecting generosity and uncalculating confidence, unguardedly open to every varying impulse, nicely susceptible of each impression; but, alas! in a short time, the flush, the openheartedness of youth and inexperience, are, to some extent banished, and the coldness and timidity of cautious age creep almost insensibly upon the spirit, freezing up the generous sentiments and making callous the finer susceptibility of our nature, until all genuine, unsophisticated emotions are concealed beneath the artificial superstratum of frigid indifference, or suspicious reserve.

Almost every bard who sings of rural life, has introduced this pre-eminently beautiful insect in his effusions. The noble *Childe*, in one of his "glorious imaginings"‡ faithfully assimilates a butterfly chase and its after fate to the alluring attractions of beauty for "children of a larger growth," who, alas! too often desert the unfortunate victims to their previous unhallowed gratification. The pious Watts reminds us, in one of his moral songs against vanity, that the most costly and splendid habiliments, (the production of an howsoever fashionable and experienced *modiste*), are inferior to the dresses in which that all-profuse mistress, Nature, has clothed the silkworm and the butterfly. The ingenious fabulist Gay, in a certain mythic illustration,§ compares the vulgar arrogance of the prosperous upstart towards his less fortunate fellows, with the seeming pride of the newly-born butterfly, when it hovers in its magnificent apparel over the as newly blown rosebud or tulip—its parallels among flowers. Again, the popular lyricist, Haynes Bayly, (last though not least,) in one of his elegant ballad trifles, considers the life of this insect wonder, though evanescent, almost as the perfection of happiness, unclouded as it appears to be by care or want, and unabridged its liberty in the pursuit of pleasure.

But, a bare tithe of such notices could not be here quoted. Apart from such associations, butterflies excite our curiosity and command our admiration by their consummate beauty, fragile form, delicate habits, and light, aerial motion. Mrs. Trollope, speaking of the summer charms of North America, remarks:—"In a bright day, during any of the summer months, your walk is through an atmosphere of butterflies, so gaudy in hue and so varied in form, that I often thought they looked like flowers on the wing. Some of them are very large, measuring three or four inches across the wings; some have wings of the most dainty lavender colour, and bodies of black; others are fawn

* Vide also Kirby and Spence—*Introduction to Entomology*, vol. i. p. 79.

† Addison's *Cato*.

‡ The *Glaour*.

§ The *Fable of the Butterfly and Snail*.

and rose-coloured; and others again, orange and bright blue: their gay and noiseless movement as they glance through the air, crossing each other in checkered maze, is very beautiful." It is in sweet accordance with such real charms that the "insect queens"* seem to be the mildest creatures in existence; gentle, but not insipid, they interest the better feelings of the heart, and these are still further heightened when we watch them with silent rapture alternately expanding and closing their sylph-like pinions, quietly but luxuriously sipping the pure nectar of spring flowers;—when, lo! the shadow of a passing cloud disturbs the exquisite banquet, and they instantaneously vanish from the sight, almost with the swiftness of the departing sunbeam!—*Γεωργιος*.

CHARLES LAMB.

BY HAZLITT.

[THE reader who has accepted in good part our slight sketch of Charles Lamb, will receive the following quotation with much higher enjoyment. It consists of a few pages of one of Mr. Hazlitt's neglected works, the *Spirit of the Age: or, Contemporary Portraits*: we say neglected, because this work never rose into popularity commensurate with its sterling merits: it was, we believe, received with comparative apathy by the public, just as if the author, in writing the *Spirit of the Age*, had left the age spiritless.—In this character of his noble-minded Contemporary, written about ten years since, Mr. Hazlitt, after referring to Mr. Lamb's devoted and judicious partisans, proceeds:—]

Mr. Lamb has borrowed from previous sources, instead of availing himself of the most popular and admired; he has groped out his way, and made his most successful researches among the more obscure and intricate, though, certainly, not the least pithy or pleasant of our writers. Mr. Lamb has raked among the dust and cobwebs of a remote period, has exhibited specimens of curious relics, and pored over moth-eaten, decayed manuscripts, for the benefit of the more inquisitive and discerning part of the public. Antiquity after a time has the grace of novelty, as old fashions revived are mistaken for new ones; and a certain quaintness and singularity of style is an agreeable relief to the smooth and insipid monotony of modern composition. Mr. Lamb has succeeded not by conforming to the *Spirit of the Age*, but in opposition to it. He does not march boldly along with the crowd, but steals off the pavement to pick his way in the contrary direction. He prefers *by-ways* to *highways*. When the full tide of human life pours along to some festive show, to some pageant of a

day, Elia would stand on one side to look over an old book-stall, or stroll down some deserted pathway in search of a pensive inscription over a tottering door-way, or some quaint device in architecture, illustrative of embryo art and ancient manners. Mr. Lamb has the very soul of an antiquarian, as this implies a reflecting humanity; the film of the past hovers for ever before him. He is shy, sensitive, the very reverse of every thing coarse, vulgar, obtrusive, and *common-place*. He would fain "shuffle off this mortal coil," and his spirit clothes itself in the garb of elder time, homelier, but more durable. He is borne along with no pompous paradoxes, shines in no glittering tinsel of a fashionable phraseology; is neither fop nor sophist. He has none of the turbulence or froth of new-fangled opinions. His style runs pure and clear, though it may often take an underground course, or be conveyed through old-fashioned conduit-pipes. Mr. Lamb does not court popularity, nor strut in gaudy plumes, but shrinks from every kind of ostentatious and obvious pretension into the retirement of his own mind.

His convictions "do not in broad rumour lie," nor are they "set off to the world in the glittering foil" of fashion; but "live and breathe aloft in those pure eyes, and perfect judgment of all-seeing time." Mr. Lamb rather affects and is tenacious of the obscure and remote: of that which rests on its own intrinsic and silent merit: which scorns all alliance, or even the suspicion of owing any thing to noisy clamour, to the glare of circumstances. There is a fine tone of *chiaro-scuro*, a moral perspective in his writings. He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion:—that piques and provokes his fancy most, which is hid from a superficial glance. That which, though gone by, is still remembered, is in his view more genuine, and has given more "vital signs that it will live," than a thing of yesterday, that may be forgotten to-morrow. Death has, in this sense, the spirit of life in it; and the shadowy has to our author something substantial in it. Ideas savour most of reality in his mind; or rather his imagination loiters on the edge of each, and a page of his writings recalls to our fancy the *stranger* on the grate, fluttering in its dusky tenity, with its idle superstition and hospitable welcome!

Mr. Lamb has a distaste to new faces, to new books, to new buildings, to new customs. He is shy of all imposing appearances, of all assumptions of self-importance, of all adventitious ornaments, of all mechanical advantages, even to a nervous excess. It is not

* Byron.

merely that he does not rely upon, or ordinarily avail himself of them; he holds them in abhorrence, he utterly abjures and discards them, and places a great gulf between him and them. He disdains all the vulgar artifices of authorship, all the cant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He has no grand, swelling theories to attract the visionary and the enthusiast, no passing topics to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the present; he mocks the future. His affections revert to, and settle on the past; but then, even this must have something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs of existing manners; brings down the account of character to the few straggling remains of the last generation; seldom ventures beyond the bills of mortality, and occupies that nice point between egotism and disinterested humanity. No one makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, so well as Mr. Lamb—with so fine, and yet so formal an air—with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos. How admirably he has sketched the former inmates of the South Sea House; what "fine fret-work he makes of their double and single entries!" With what a firm, yet subtle, pencil he has embodied *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist!* How notably he embalms a battered *beau*; how delightfully an amour, that was cold forty years ago, revives in his pages! With what well-disguised humour he introduces us to his relations, and how freely he serves up his friends! Certainly, some of his portraits are *fiatures*, and will do to hang up as lasting and lively emblems of human infirmity. Then there is no one who has so sure an ear for "the chimes at midnight," not even excepting Mr. Justice Shallow; nor could Master Silence himself take his "cheese and pippins" with a more significant and satisfactory air. With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the inns and courts of law, the Temple and Gray's Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years, and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon, as he is with his portrait or writings! It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the Gentleman's Magazine. He haunts Watling-street like a gentle spirit; the avenues to the play-houses are thick with panting recollections, and Christ's Hospital still breathes the balmy breath of infancy in his description of it! Whittington and his Cat are a fine hallucination for Mr. Lamb's historic Muse, and we believe he never heartily forgave a certain

writer who took the subject of Guy Faux out of his hands. The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance!

Mr. Lamb's taste in books is also fine, and it is peculiar. It is not the worse for a little *idiosyncrasy*. He does not go deep into the Scotch novels, but he is at home in Smollett and Fielding. He is little read in Junius or Gibbon; but no man can give a better account of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, or Sir Thomas Brown's Urn-burial, or Fuller's Worthies, or John Bunyan's Holy War. No one is more unimpressible to a specious declamation; no one relishes a recondite beauty more. His admiration of Shakspeare and Milton does not make him despise Pope; and he can read Parnell with patience, and Gay with delight. His taste in French and German literature is somewhat defective: nor has he made much progress in the science of Political Economy, or other abstruse studies, though he has read vast folios of controversial divinity, merely for the sake of the intricacy of style, and to save himself the pain of thinking. Mr. Lamb is a good judge of prints and pictures. His admiration of Hogarth does credit to both, particularly when it is considered that Leonardo da Vinci is his next greatest favourite, and that his love of the *actual* does not proceed from a want of taste for the *ideal*. His worst fault is an over-eagerness of enthusiasm, which occasionally makes him take a surfeit of his highest favourites.—Mr. Lamb excels in familiar conversation almost as much as in writing, when his modesty does not overpower his self-possession. He is as little of a proser as possible; but he *blurts* out the finest wit and sense in the world. He keeps a good deal in the background at first, till some excellent conceit pushes him forward, and then he abounds in whim and pleasantry. There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners; and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence! Mr. Lamb is a general favourite with those who know him. His character is equally singular and amiable. He is endeared to his friends not less by his foibles than his virtues; he ensures their esteem by the one, and does not wound their self-love by the other. He gains ground in the opinion of others by making no advances in his own. We easily admire genius where the diffidence of the possessor makes our acknowledgment of merit seem like a sort of patronage, or act of condescension, as we willingly extend our good offices, where they are not exacted as obligations, or repaid with sullen indifference. The style of the Essays

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of Elia is liable to the charge of a certain *mannerism*. His sentences are cast in the mould of old authors; his expressions are borrowed from them; but his feelings and observations are genuine and original, taken from actual life, or from his own breast; and he may be said (if any one can) "to have coined his heart for *jests*," and to have split his brain for fine distinctions! Mr. Lamb, from the peculiarity of his exterior and address as an author, would, probably never have made his way by detached and independent efforts; but, fortunately for himself and others, he has taken advantage of the Periodical Press, where he has been stuck into notice, and the texture of his compositions is assuredly fine enough to bear the broadest glare of popularity that has hitherto shone upon them. Mr. Lamb's literary efforts have procured him civic honours, (a thing unheard of in our times), and he has been invited, in his character of Elia, to dine at a select party with the Lord Mayor (Waithman.) We should prefer this distinction to that of being poet-laureat.

A friend, a short time ago, quoted some lines from *John Woodvil*, which meeting Mr. Godwin's eye, he was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author!

The Sketch Book.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

[MR. WATERTON relates, in the *Magazine of Natural History*, the following story to show that, in the case of an attack of a lion, non-resistance was the only plan to be pursued, when escape from death seemed utterly hopeless. The principals in this affair were a brave young British officer and a full-grown lion of India. Mr. Waterton was at Frankfort on the Mayne in August, 1833, and he heard the subsequent account from the officer's own mouth.]

In the month of July, 1831, two fine lions made their appearance in a jungle, some twenty miles distant from the cantonment of Rajcote, in the East Indies, where Captain Woodhouse, and his two friends, Lieutenants Delamain and Lang, were stationed. An elephant was despatched to the place in the evening on which the information arrived; and on the morrow, at the break of day, the three gentlemen set off on horseback, full of glee, and elated with the hope of a speedy engagement. On arriving at the edge of the jungle, people were ordered to ascend the

neighbouring trees, that they might be able to trace the route of the lions, in case they left the cover. After beating about in the jungle for some time, the hunters started the two lordly strangers. The officers fired immediately, and one of the lions fell, to rise no more. His companion broke cover, and took off across the country. The officers now pursued him on horseback, as fast as the nature of the ground would allow, until they learned from the men who were stationed in the trees, and who held up flags by way of signal, that the lion had gone back into the thicket. Upon this, the three officers returned to the edge of the jungle, and, having dismounted from their horses, they got upon the elephant; Captain Woodhouse placing himself in the hindmost seat. They now proceeded towards the heart of the jungle, in the expectation of rousing the royal fugitive a second time. They found him standing under a large bush, with his face directly towards them. The lion allowed them to approach within range of his spring, and then he made a sudden dart at the elephant, clung on his trunk with a tremendous roar, and wounded him just above the eye. While he was in the act of doing this, the two lieutenants fired at him, but without success. The elephant now shook him off; but the fierce and sudden attack on the part of the lion seemed to have thrown him into the greatest consternation. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with so formidable an animal; and much exertion was used before his riders succeeded in urging him on again in quest of the lion. At last, he became somewhat more tractable; but, as he was advancing through the jungle, all of a sudden, the lion, which had lain concealed in the high grass, made at him with redoubled fury. The officers now lost all hopes of keeping their elephant in order. He turned round abruptly, and was going away quite ungovernable, when the lion again sprang at him, seized his hinder parts with his teeth, and hung on them, until the affrighted animal managed to shake him off by incessant kicking.

The lion retreated farther into the thicket; Captain Woodhouse, in the meantime, firing a random shot at him, which proved of no avail; as the jolting of the elephant, and the uproar of the moment, prevented him from taking a steady aim. No exertions on the part of the officers could now force the terrified elephant to face his fierce foe, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of dismounting. Determined, however, to come to still closer quarters with the formidable king of quadrupeds, Captain Woodhouse took the desperate resolution to proceed on foot in quest of him; and, after searching about for some time, he saw the lion indistinctly through the bushes, and discharged

his rifle at him; but he was pretty well convinced that he had not hit him; for he saw the lion retire, with the utmost composure, into the thicker parts of the brake. The two lieutenants, who had remained at the outside of the jungle, joined their companion, on hearing the report of his gun.

The weather was intolerably sultry. After vainly spending a considerable time in creeping through the grass and bushes, with the hope of discovering the place of the lion's retreat, they concluded that he had passed quite through the jungle, and gone off in an opposite direction. Resolved not to let their game escape, the lieutenants returned to the elephant, and immediately proceeded round the jungle, expecting to discover the route which they conjectured the lion had taken. Captain Woodhouse, however, remained in the thicket, and, as he could discern the print of the animal's feet on the ground, he boldly resolved to follow up the track, at all hazards. The Indian gamefinder, who continued with his commander, at last espied the lion in the cover, and pointed him out to the captain, who fired, but unfortunately missed his mark. There was now no alternative left but to retreat and load his rifle. Having retired to a distance, he was joined by Lieutenant Delamain, who had dismounted from his elephant on hearing the report of the gun. This unexpected meeting increased the captain's hopes of ultimate success. He lost no time in pointing out to the lieutenant the place where he would probably find the lion, and said he would be up with him in a moment or two.

Lieutenant Delamain, on going eight or ten paces down a sheep track, got a sight of the lion, and instantly discharged his rifle at him. This irritated the mighty lord of the woods, and he rushed towards him, breaking through the bushes (to use the captain's own words) "in most magnificent style." Captain Woodhouse now found himself placed in an awkward situation. He was aware that if he retraced his steps, in order to put himself in a better position for attack, he would just get to the point from which the lieutenant had fired, and to which the lion was making: wherefore, he instantly resolved to stand still, in the hopes that the lion would pass by, at a distance of four yards or so, without perceiving him, as the intervening cover was thick and strong. In this, however, he was most unfortunately deceived; for the enraged lion saw him in passing, and flew at him with a dreadful roar. In an instant, as though it had been done by a stroke of lightning, the rifle was broken and thrown out of the captain's hand, his left arm, at the same moment, being seized by the claws, and his right by the teeth, of his desperate antagonist. While these two brave and sturdy combatants, "whose cou-

rage none could stain," were yet standing in mortal conflict, Lieutenant Delamain ran up, and discharged his piece full at the lion. This caused the lion and the captain to come to the ground together, while Lieutenant Delamain hastened out of the jungle to reload his gun. The lion now began to crouch the captain's arm; but as the brave fellow, notwithstanding the pain which this horrid process caused, had the cool determined resolution to lie still, the lordly savage let the arm drop out of his mouth, and quietly placed himself in a couching position, with both his paws upon the thigh of his fallen foe. While things were in this untoward situation, the captain, unthinkingly, raised his hand to support his head, which had got placed ill at ease in the fall. No sooner, however, had he moved it, than the lion seized the lacerated arm a second time; crouched it, as before, and fractured the bone still higher up. This additional *memento mori* from the lion was not lost upon Captain Woodhouse; it immediately put him in mind that he had committed an act of imprudence in stirring. The motionless state in which he persevered after this broad hint showed that he had learned to profit by the painful lesson.

He now lay, bleeding and disabled, under the foot of a mighty and an irritated enemy. Death was close upon him, armed with every terror calculated to appal the heart of a prostrate and defenceless man. Just as this world, with all its fitting honours, was on the point of vanishing for ever, he heard two faint reports of a gun, which he thought sounded from a distance; but he was totally at a loss to account for them. He learned, after the affair was over, that the reports were caused by his friend at the outside of the jungle, who had flashed off some powder, in order to be quite sure that the nipples of his rifle were clean.

The two lieutenants were now hastening to his assistance, and he heard the welcome sound of feet approaching; but, unfortunately, they were in a wrong direction; as the lion was betwixt them and him. Aware that, if his friends fired, the balls would hit him, after they had passed through the lion's body, Captain Woodhouse quietly pronounced, in a low and subdued tone, "to the other side! to the other side!" Hearing the voice, they looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and to their horror saw their brave comrade in his utmost need. Having made a circuit, they cautiously came up on the other side, and Lieutenant Delamain, whose coolness in encounters with wild beasts had always been conspicuous, from a distance of about a dozen yards, fired at the lion over the person of the prostrate warrior.

The lion merely quivered; his head dropped upon the ground, and in an instant he lay dead on his side, close to his intended victim

The lieutenant's aim was so good and true,
that it puts one in mind of what happened
at Chevy Chase :

" Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the shaft was set,
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet !"

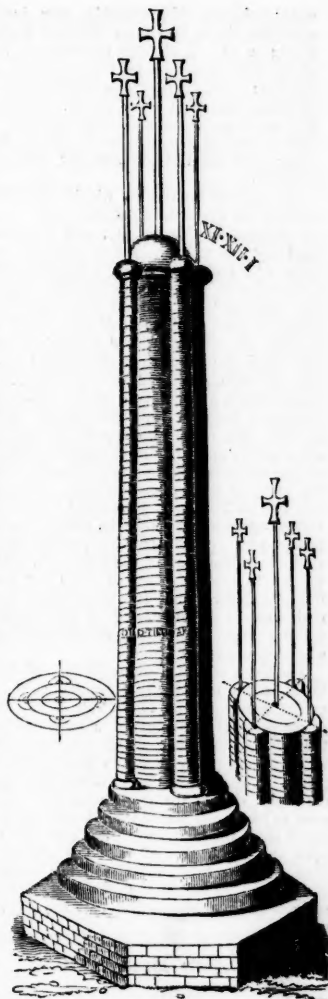
Thus ended this ever-memorable homoeonine encounter. From what has been related, a proof may be drawn of the utility of lying quite still, when we have the misfortune to be struck to the ground by an animal of the cat tribe.

Antiquariana.

DONCASTER CROSS.

[We copy this singular monument from a large print by Vertue, in Vol. ii. of *Vetusta Monumenta*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, in 1752; engraved upon which plate, on each side of the shaft of the Cross, are the following details of its history.]

This draught of Doncaster Cross was taken from an old painting, formerly in the collection of the learned antiquary, Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds, Esq., who mentions it among his curiosities, and has printed the inscription round the pillar in his *Museum*, p. 489. His father, Alderman Thoresby, of Leeds, in the year 1672, purchased the collection of coins, paintings, and other curiosities of the Lord Fairfax, and his son, Sir Thomas, among which was this painting. It is now in the hands of Dr. Richard Rawlinson, a member of this society; together with a fragment in manuscript relating to it, which also belonged to the alderman, and contains the following account of the Cross:—"This is the fashion of the Cross as it was first built; which was defaced in the year of our Lord, 1644, by the Earl of Manchester's army, coming out of the south to the siege of York, and was after beautified with four dials, ball and fane, by William Paterson, Mayor of Doncaster, 1678. And the said Earl of Manchester's men, endeavouring to pull the whole shank down, got a smith's forge-hammer, and broke off the four corner crosses; and then fastened ropes to the middle cross, which was stronger and higher, thinking by that to pull the whole shank down; but a stone breaking off and falling upon one of the men's legs which was nearest it, and broke his leg: so they troubled themselves no more about it." As there is no date nor name to this paper, it is not certain, when, or by whom, it was written. Though, by what the writer says, it is plain that he remembered the Cross before the damage it received by the soldiers; and that the painting truly represents it in its former state. Our historians leave us in the dark, with regard both to the time and



(Doncaster Cross.)

occasion of erecting this cross. Leland does not so much as mention it, nor any edition of Camden, except the last, by Bishop Gibson, which has likewise the inscription, written in the ancient Norman language. But there is a mistake of the artist, in joining together the letters TILLIAKI, for the latter name of the person, as if the whole was one

word: whereas Mr. Thoresby very justly separates them into three different words, *TILLI: A KI*. With this emendation, the whole inscription may be thus rendered in English: "This is the Cross of Ote de Tili, to whose soul God shew mercy. Amen." The words *KI*, whose, and *ALME*, soul, are so spelt in several manuscripts of our old statutes; and the rest are attended with no difficulty.

The present inscription, which differs in some of the words being modern, can be of no moment in this inquiry, and therefore need not be recited. As to this Ote de Tili, who built the Cross, it appears that Otto or Ote de Tili was "*senescallus comitis de Conibroc*," and witness to a grant of Hamelin, Earl of Warren, *Monast. Angl. i. p. 406*. He was likewise a witness to the charter of the foundation of Kirkstal Abbey, 17 Steph. A. D. 1152. *ibid. p. 857*. And he afterwards attested two grants, made by Henry de Lacy to the same abbey, *ibid. p. 862*. His name also appears to several other grants and writings of different kinds, during the two following reigns; which are too many to be here enumerated. So that this Ote de Tili must have lived to an advanced age, and very probably was the same person who erected the Cross, as he was steward to the Earl of Conisborough, and witness to several grants of lands not far from Doncaster; since it was customary for such writings to be attested by the neighbouring inhabitants, and generally by those who were nearest of kin.

The Cross stands at the south end of the town, in the road towards London, so that carriages may pass on either side of it. It is composed of five columns, a large one in the middle, and four small ones around it, answering pretty nearly to the cardinal points. The numeral figures in the area, on the right side of the cross, near the top, seem to have been placed there in the painting to show the hours, when the sun shone upon the south face of it. The circumference of the column is eleven feet seven inches, and its height eighteen feet. The sections on each side the Cross are not in the painting. 134

New Books.

VOYAGE TO THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC OCEAN,
IN H. M. SLOOP, CHANTICLEER.

(Continued from page 44.)

[We resume our extracts from this very entertaining work, in the confident hope that their extent will be warranted by their interest.]

Fastness of Icebergs.

If the magnitude of some icebergs produces astonishment in the beholder, how

much would this be increased, when we consider that only one-seventh part of them may appear above the surface of the water! Thus an iceberg two hundred feet high above the surface, may have fourteen hundred feet below it, making a total height of sixteen hundred feet. This conclusion has been formed from experiments in the north, made with solid cubic pieces of ice; but it is one that cannot hold good entirely with icebergs, because they are far from being cubes, and must in consequence of their varied forms have much less weight above water, and consequently will not float so deep. Having made some experiments of this nature, I deduced from them that in cubic pieces of ice one-seventh part only remained above the surface of the water. I also placed a cone of ice on a cubic piece from the same iceberg, and found that the cube easily floated and sustained the little pyramid, the height of which was more than double the depth of the cube below the water. I also floated irregular-shaped masses, and found their heights above the surface to vary considerably, in some it was equal, in others greater than the depth below it; proving that no inference can be safely drawn as to the depth to which an iceberg extends from the surface with reference to its height above it, and that all depends on its form.

In corroboration of this I may further observe, that while we were in contact with the iceberg off the island, we determined its height by a reference to the vessel's masts to be not less than fifty feet. Now this would have required a depth of three hundred and fifty feet to float in, according to the conclusion deduced from a cubical piece; but it was floating in ninety-six feet; for we obtained soundings at the same time with sixteen fathoms of line.

Icebergs are justly termed marine avalanches, and are formed in deep ravines, being a collection of snow and ice accumulated in some sheltered precipice. In course of time the part next to the precipice becomes melted, and it is launched by its own weight with a prodigious crash into the sea beneath it.

Sailors' Comparisons.

Sailors are very ready to familiarize themselves with objects about them. They see so great a variety of scenery, and such a constant succession of fresh objects, that to them nothing comes amiss; they are quite at home with all they see, and are ever ready to find resemblances in anything to objects with which they may have been familiar. For instance, there is a mountain near the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro, which has received and still bears the appellation of "Lord Hood's Nose," from the circumstance of the peculiar outline which it presents when seen from the sea, resembling that feature in

his lordship's face to which they were well accustomed. The Paps is a term very commonly applied to two round hills anywhere connected by lower land, and bearing a similar character of feature to the female breast; and many other terms are also applied from similar reasons. The inventive minds of our men were speedily at work, and each remarkable feature in Deception Island had its cognomen: Crimson Hill, Iceberg Hill, and others were successively named; and the small cones so plentifully scattered about were termed brick-kilns.

The Cape Pigeon,

Which had accompanied us even from the eighteenth degree of south latitude, did not forsake us at Deception Island. Indeed they are constant and unwearied attendants of ships on the longest voyages, notwithstanding the practice of some unfeeling sailors, who repay this attention by catching them as they would fish, with a hook and line. They eagerly swallow the hook, baited with anything, as it follows the track of the ship, and thus become an easy prey. It is said that they are good eating, and are frequently seen more than two thousand miles from the land.

Climate of South Shetland.

The summer may be compared to a dull November in England, and the winter considered as one long, starless and desolate night. A perpetual gloom prevails, which the glorious sun seldom or never penetrates so as to be distinctly seen for many hours together; and as for the stars, they and the moon are scarcely ever visible. Fine days are, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Situated in a high southern latitude and surrounded by a wide expanse of sea, the atmosphere of South Shetland is loaded with vapour, and everything is damp and humid. The sun's rays act feebly at all times; but in their most powerful form, there is nothing to collect or to acknowledge their genial influence, masses of snow and ice repress and overpower their effect.

The sea in the basin of Deception Island is generally at a low temperature, only two or three degrees above the freezing point in the midst of summer. During the months of January and February, in which we were here, the warmest months of the year, we had frequent heavy falls of snow. A black-bulbed thermometer was exposed to the sun at every opportunity, and the greatest height of the mercury, under the most favourable circumstances of an unclouded meridian sun, was 77° . The general range and average of the intensity of the sun's heat was only 66° . It was found that putrefaction does not readily take place in the climate of Deception Island; for on opening a grave, which had attracted the attention of one of our officers, the body

was found entire, and free from any unpleasant odour, although we had reason for believing that it had lain there some years. It was supposed to have been deposited by the crew of some sealing vessel. We observed also that the carcasses of seals on the beach, and pieces of the flesh of penguins, were converted into a soft, greasy mass, without further decomposition taking place. The climate may be considered as very healthy.

The Fuegians.

The Fuegian wigwam is probably one of the most wretched of this kind of structure. The North American Indian has his birch bark, and contrives to thatch the sides of it so as to render it impervious to the rain, which, however, it must not be forgotten, finds its way into it through the aperture left in the top for the escape of the smoke. The African negro has his hut of clay, which, although it may be suffocating and ill calculated for the tropical climate, nevertheless protects him from the inclemency of the weather. Even the Esquimaux has his snow hut, and is equally secure from the effects of the intemperate regions in which it is his lot to be placed; but a few green boughs of trees is all that the Fuegian can find to construct the habitation which is to protect him from the cold, wet, and boisterous climate of Tierra del Fuego. It is of a circular form, generally not larger than will afford room for a family of five or six persons, who squat themselves round a fire in the middle in listless apathy. This miserable habitation boasts not the meanest or most common utensil, and the bare ground forms its floor. Here they sit, with occasionally a seal-skin covering thrown over their shoulders, and sometimes an apron of some animal's skin tied round their middle; but neither of these appear by any means to be indispensable articles of dress, and many are in a state of nudity; all suffering alike from the effects of smoke on their eyes. The dog, the faithful companion of man in every clime, lives on terms of the most intimate friendship with them, sharing alike their bed and board. The Fuegian dog is an animal of a good size, and of a better appearance than might be expected from the nature of his food. The animal bears considerable resemblance to a fox in his general appearance; he is very ferocious, and not unlike an Esquimaux dog.

In one of my visits to their wigwams, with the view of instructing them how to be useful to themselves and to each other, a red pocket-handkerchief attracted their attention. This I presented to the youngest female in the company, which consisted of five persons. The girl, to my great surprise, deliberately tore it into ribands, and began to ornament her hair with it; she also tied some pieces round her wrist, having previously offered me

some dried fish in return for my present. We had given them fish-hooks, lines, knives, needles, and thread, scissors, &c., and I endeavoured to instruct them how to use the latter articles, so essential to the economy and manufacture of dress among ourselves. The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instruction; and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that line. I thought I should have succeeded by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for, although my performance was none of the best, it was still sufficient to "teach the young idea." But, alas, it was all to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed, deliberately made a hole with the needle and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded quietly to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing it.

These people betrayed great apathy and indifference at our appearance. In the course of our attempts to obtain a knowledge of their character and disposition, we found them uniformly mild and good-natured, with most frequently a smile on their countenance. There was nothing ferocious either in their manners or appearance, but at the same time we found no symptoms of fear or cowardice among them. They would scarcely listen to the sound of a flute, but they would join in a song, or rather endeavour to follow the air with their voices, and gave us the opportunity of hearing that they were soft and melodious. On our showing a glass to one of the women, after looking at herself in it, she rubbed it over her face and then laid it aside.

The only emblem of cleanliness which we could discover was the jaw of a porpoise, for it appears that the minuteness and regularity of the teeth enable them to use it as a comb, a contrivance which cannot be considered but as highly creditable to these people. The children are in general potbellied, but good looking.

The only weapons we observed among these people were slings, bows and arrows. The latter are neatly made, and pointed with obsidian. Their bows and arrows are employed for the destruction of birds; warfare appears not to trouble these people; happily for them it has not reached their shores. They use a dried lichen as tinder, and procure fire by the friction of two pieces of pyrites, a fire-stone with which their country abounds. One night we fired some rockets for the purpose of obtaining difference of time, and the poor Indians were so alarmed by them, that they fled into the woods and stayed there the whole night. In fact they were so alarmed by them, that they forsook

us early the ensuing morning, and never returned again, imagining that we were in possession of an evil spirit which we could always let loose among them at pleasure.

Scurvy in the Navy.

The memorable voyage of Anson in 1741, is a sad tale in naval history: it was off Staten Island that the five ships forming the squadron had encountered the most severe weather; snow, sleet, and rain, with adverse winds and a turbulent sea, added to a privation from fresh provisions, and a long continuance on salt diet, produced that dreadful disease the scurvy, now scarcely known in the British navy; and when we reflect that out of four hundred and fifty men, who had composed the crew of Lord Anson's ship when she passed through the strait of Le Maire, twenty effective hands only were capable of doing their duty two months afterwards, we have good reason to be thankful that, with all our buffeting about, we have escaped so well. One half of Anson's crew had died, and the rest were ill in their hammocks: the sufferings they endured must have been dreadful indeed, when we reflect that fractured bones, which had knitted together and had long been well, are stated to have parted asunder. We had traversed much of the same route in the Chanticleer at the same season of the year, we had encountered the same boisterous elements and were equally exposed to them, and were much longer on salt provisions, as long as ten months, and yet we had escaped. This signal delivery, for so I cannot help calling it, is a fair instance of the great advantages we enjoy in the present day over our naval ancestors; and our gratitude is due to those scientific and able men who have devoted their time and attention to the improvement of our resources at sea, both in our diet and the mechanical inventions which they have introduced. The name of Cook stands eminently conspicuous on this list of benefactors to their country; for by his judicious and excellent regulations to preserve the cleanliness and ventilation of his ship, and by the attention which he paid to the dress and diet of his crew, he was the first to keep the scurvy out of the list of diseases incident to a nautical life. It is not very long ago that I was shown in Sir Ashton Lever's museum a piece of dried salt-beef; the shreds of which it was composed exactly resembled rope-yarn, and, having been round the world, it was very properly treasured up as a curiosity.

The Car of Venus.

At particular seasons of the year fleets of the argonaut, or paper nautilus, are wafted into Mossel Bay. They frequent more especially the mouth of the little river St. Blaize, near which they are thrown on the beach in

considerable numbers. The acknowledged beauty of this delicate shell has obtained it the appropriate name of the Car of Venus. Nothing can be more interesting than to see it sailing on the rippling surface of the ocean; and in contemplating its beauties, it is easy to imagine how it was fabled in the olden time as the vessel of the Paphian Queen, sprung from the ocean's bed, spotless as its form, fragile as its bubble, and pure as the glistening dew-drop which it contains. The argonaut, or paper nautilus, has afforded an instructive example to those who pursue naval architecture; its semicircular keel, its curvilinear ribs, its capacious body, and its inimitable poop, are all subjects for admiration. For my own part, I am so decided an admirer of the works of Nature, that I always consider them as those of the greatest possible skill, presenting the best examples for the imitations of man. And I know no better mode of instruction for him to pursue, than that of examining all the perfect structures and innumerable contrivances in the economy of the animal kingdom. No example of the application of mechanics can be found more complete than that exhibited in the nautilus, thin and fragile as it is. A few years ago, a hundred pounds were offered by the British Museum for a perfect specimen of this shell with its inhabitant entire; and Mr. Thomson, a merchant of Cape Town, procured one, and obtained the reward.

The Public Journals.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF THE GIPSIES.

Sons of witchcraft! tribe of thieves!
Whom the villager believes

To deal with Satan,

Tell us your customs and your rules:—

Whence came ye to this land of fools

On whom ye fatten?

"Whence do we come? Whence comes the swallow?

Where does our home lie? Try to follow

The wild bird's flight,

Speeding from winter's rude approach;

Such home is ours. Who dare encroach

Upon our right?

Prince we have none, nor gipsy throne,

Nor magistrate nor priest we own,

Nor tax, nor claim;

Blithesome we wander, reckless, free;

And happy two days out of three;

Who'll say the same?

Away with church-enactments dismal!

We have no liturgy baptismal

When we are born;

Save the dance under greenwood tree,

And the glad sound of revelry

With pipe and horn.

At our first entrance on this globe,

Where Falschood walks in varied robe,

Caprice, and whims,

—Sophist and bigot, heed ye this!—

The swathing bands of prejudice

Bound not our limbs.

Well do we ken the vulgar mind,

Ever to Truth and candour blind,

But led by Cunning;

What rogue can tolerate a brother?

Gipsies contend with priests, each other
In tricks outrunning.

Your "towered cities" please us not;

But give us some secluded spot,

Far from the millions;

Far from the busy haunts of men,

Rise for the night, in shady glen,

Our dark pavilions.

Soon we are off; for we can see

Nor pleasure nor philosophy

In fix'd dwelling;

Ours is a life, the life of clowns,

Or drones who vegetate in towns,

Far, far excelling.

Paddock and park, fence and inclosure,

We scale with ease and with composure:

'Tis quite delightful!

Such is our empire's mystic charm,

We are the owners of each farm,

More than the rightful.

Great is the folly of the wise,

If on relations he relies,

Or trusts in men;

"Welcome!" they say, to babes born newly,

But when your life is eked out duly,

"Good evening!" then.

None among us seeks to illude,

By empty boast of brotherhood,

Or false affection;

Give, when we die, our souls to God,

Our body to the grassy sod,

Or "for dissection."

Your noblemen may talk of vassals,

Proud of their trappings and their tassels,

But never heed them;

Ours is the life of perfect bliss—

Freedom is man's best joy, and this

Is PERFECT FREEDOM!"

—FROM BENANGER, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE BRIDE OF THE CYMBALEER.—A BALLAD.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

My lord, the Duke of Brittany,

Has summoned his barons bold—

Their names make a fearful litany!

Among them you'll not meet any

But men of giant mould.

Proud earls, who dwell in donjon-keep

And steel-clad knights appear,

Whose forts are girt with a fosse deep;

But none excel in soldiery

My own loved cymbaleer.

Clashing his cymbals forth he went,

With a bold and gallant bearing;

Sure for a captain he was meant,

To judge from his accoutrement,

And the cloth of gold he's wearing.

But in my soul since then I feel

A fear, in secret creeping;

And to Saint Bridget oft I kneel,

That she may recommend his weal

To his guardian-angel's keeping.

I've begged our abbot, Bernardine,

His prayers not to relax;

And, to procure him aid divine,

I've burnt upon St. Gilda's shrine

Three pounds of virgin-wax.

Our Lady of Loretto knows

The pilgrimage I vowed;

"To wear the scollap I propose

If health and safety from the foes

My lover is allowed."

No letter (fond affection's gage!)

From him could I require,

The pain of absence to assuage—

A vassal-maid can have no page,

A liegeman has no squire.

This day will witness, with the duke's,

My cymbaleer's return :
Gladness and pride beam in my looks,
Delay my heart impatient brooks,
All meaner thoughts I spurn.

Back from the battle-field elate,
His banner brings each peer ;
Come let us see, at the ancient gate,
The martial triumph pass in state,
And the duke and my cymbaleer.

We'll see from the rampart walls of Nantz
What an air his horse assumes ;
His proud neck swells, his glad hoofs prance,
And on his head un-asing dance,
In a gorgeous tuft, red plumes !

Be quick, my sisters ! dress in haste !
Come, see him bear the bell,
With laurels deck'd, with true love graced ;
While in his bold hand, fitly placed,
The bounding cymbals swell !

Mark well the mantle that he'll wear
(Embroidered by his bride) !
Admire his burnished helmet's glare,
O'ershadowed by the dark horse-hair
That waves in jet folds wide !

The gipsy (spiteful wench !) foretold,
With voice like a viper hissing
(Though I had crossed her palm with gold),
That from the runks a spirit bold
Would be to-day found missing.

But I have prayed so hard, I trust
Her words may prove untrue ;
Though in her cave the hag acurst
Muttered, " Prepare thee for the worst ! "
With a face of ghastly hue.

My joy her spells shall not prevent.
Hark ! I can hear the drums !
And ladies fair from silken tent
Peep forth, and every eye is bent
On the cavalcade that comes !

Pikemen, dividing on both flanks,
Open the pagentry ;
Loud as they tread their armour clanks,
And silk-robed barons lead the ranks—
The pink of gallantry !

In scarfs of gold, the priests admire ;
The heralds on white steeds ;
Armorial pride decks their attire,
Worn in remembrance of a sire
Famed for heroic deeds.

Fear'd by the Paynim's dark divan,
The Templars next advance ;
Then the brave bowmen of Lausanne,
Foremost to stand in battle's van
Against the foes of France.

Next comes the duke with radiant brow,
Girt with his cavaliers ;
Round his triumphant banner bow
Those of the foe. Look, sisters, now !
Now come the cymbaleers ! "

She spoke—with searching eye surveyed
Their ranks—then pale, aghast,
Sunk in the crowd ! Death came in aid—
'Twas mercy to that gentle maid—
THE CYMBALERS HAD PASSED !

Fraser's Magazine.

THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

(Concluded from page 64.)

SHAKSPEARE himself *has* written of himself; Shakspeare himself *has* told of his loves and his friendships, and of those inner thoughts that alone stamp the character; Shakspeare himself has described the wayward moods of his mortal mind, and the wayward turns of his mortal fate; Shakspeare himself has

unconsciously left for the world's gaze a picture, to contrast strangely, but in deep truth, with his glories of the theatre, and with his gaiety of the Mermaid and the Mitre; Shakspeare himself, from the sublime solitude into which the very might of his genius must have ever and anon have plunged him, has sent forth audible sighs which are breathing still, and may still be heard amidst the throbbings of his mighty heart ! Shakspeare, in one word, has written down his confessions, AND THESE CONFESSIONS STILL REMAIN.

It was, I find, about the year 1598 that an allusion first appeared in some writings of Shakspeare, undesigned for publication. In that year a book named "The Wit's Treasury" was published, written by one Meres, who indulged himself in an illusion to the poet after the following strain :—"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare." Witness, Mr. Meres proceeded, startling greatly all who had not heard of them, witness "his sugared sonnets among his private friends."

Now in those days there lived a certain bookseller of doubtful authenticity, a sort of Edmund Curll, in truth, whose ungentelemanly transgressions beyond the honour of the business greatly shocked the sober Lintots and judicious Tonsons of the time. But Providence selects its instruments, and Mr. Jagard has found favour with posterity. As soon as he saw this "note of Meres," he set to work to ferret out these sonnets, and scrape them together for a volume. He succeeded in collecting several, and published them accordingly, in defiance of the author and of all remonstrance, the following year. I fear he would scarcely have been incited to this but for some little matters of personal scandal that were in them, and for that the person whom they affected mainly was now becoming of some substance in the world, having just appeared as in part proprietor, as well as actor, of the Globe theatre. This I gather from a curious document produced lately by the ingenious and learned Mr. Collier, in which the name of Shakspeare stands fifth in a list of the owners and actors of the Globe. It was not till 1609 that another publication of these sonnets took place, when a certain W. H., as I take it, performed the office of collector to those that had been written between that year and 1599, and carried the whole to Thomas Thorpe, who, in gratitude, dedicated the volume to his nameless benefactor.

These sonnets, then, are the PERSONAL CONFESSIONS of Shakspeare. They record his loves, his friendships, and his character, as I have already described them. They express (as it has been finely said the sonnet is fitted to express) "some fee grief due to

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the poet's breast;" they are sighs uttered from the fulness of his heart, which breathe forth its secretest emotions; they record the sweetest pieces of self-denial, and of jealous self-watchfulness; they tell us a variety of personal anecdotes of all sorts; they are, in short, transcripts of the writer's own mind in all its changes from joy to sorrow, and in the loftiest aspect of its intellect as in the lowliest of its daily fortunes. Into what wonderful secrets do they not admit us, what strange incidents do they not disclose! Think of the very inmost feelings of such a heart—of the depths of such a peculiar and solitary spirit, solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies! If the reader may find it worth his while to follow me, I venture to think that I am able to derive from these sonnets such a series of personal experiences, and such personal lessons of exquisite truth and wisdom, as it has rarely been permitted to man to breathe to himself, or to leave unconsciously on record to succeeding men. And how recorded! With what disinterested sentiment, what profound thought, what refinement, what love of nature! What glory does he not add to his thoughts of love, with what exquisite beauty does he not redeem his sorrows! They tell of obstacles, of severe struggles, of poverty, of contumely, of neglect—yet they are not dark with tears. For see, beyond, even out of these splendid colours, these noble words, these lovely thoughts, the rainbow of hope springs up. At least the reader *shall* see it—if he will take me for his guide. I believe I have discovered many of the most hidden allusions in these poems, though there are many that must still remain impenetrable. For surely, in such a soul as that of Shakspeare, there must ever be unsounded abysses, which it would be but questionable philosophy to undertake very readily to fathom.

It shall be the object of a second paper to throw into systematic arrangement a most remarkable piece of autobiography (the most remarkable, perhaps, ever placed on distinct record), derived from these sonnets. Meanwhile, the space which remains shall be occupied with some remarks on a few of those thoughts and allusions that are in them, which I find explained even by the little that is known to us of the actual circumstances of Shakspeare's life.

How many shillings a week had Shakspeare for his acting? But a more interesting question is, What sort of acting was it? I have a shrewd suspicion, from the evidences of these sonnets, and from other sources I will name, that it must have been fine—as far in advance, indeed, of his contemporaries and of his audience, as his writing was. At least, if this may not be conceded, Lingo's amusing plea will, perhaps, be allowed: "A

scholar! I am a master of scholars!" Shakspeare was unquestionably, if not an actor, a master of actors. Witness his noble advice to the players in *Hamlet*; that admirable dialogue on acting and "playing the big tragedian," between Richard and Buckingham; and a thousand other evidences throughout his plays. But this is not all. The author of the "*Roscus Anglicanus*" distinctly states, on excellent authority, that Shakspeare himself specially taught Taylor to play Hamlet, and Lowin to play Henry VIII: he himself was content with the Ghost. Rowe says it was his top performance: and a noble performance I imagine it to have been. What a sense of the poetry, what an awful and most imaginative impressiveness must have been there! I would venture much that, as Taylor in *Hamlet* described the "piteous action" of Shakspeare in the Ghost, the audience must have felt, as it were humanly in their hearts, even that awful visitation. Another of his parts, too, known to have been acted by him, was that of Adam in *As you Like It*. How characteristic of the heart of the man (as the other had been of his imagination) to select this piece of beautiful and pathetic devotion! How sure a proof that he was equal to its noblest expressions! Aubrey distinctly states indeed, that he "did act exceedingly well." I am very sure of it; but we have seen in what way his jealous self-watchfulness fancied acting might hurt his mind, and there may have been other reasons to disgust him with the profession. Honest John Davies, of Hereford, wrote to him jocosely,—

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Hadst thou not played some kindly parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
And been a king among the meaner sort!"

but there was truth in this jest; and it is impossible to think that it can have other than revolted his fine nature to exhibit himself "a motley to the view" of the fops who, in those days, had the privilege of sitting on the stage; to be hustled, perhaps, and impertinently addressed by a noble pimp of a fellow with his "tobacco-pipe in his mouth," in "a jerkin cudgelled with gold lace," with "a hat scarce pipkin high," and "a poniard on his thigh,"—as they are graphically described for us, sitting on the stage laughing, it might be, in the face of Macbeth or Lear. Add to all this the suggestion—that his acting was probably in advance of his time. And what is an actor without applause? The war-horse without the trumpet. An actor must feel his living triumph, for but a slight one can survive him. At all events, Shakspeare seized the first opportunity of quitting the stage. In 1603 he played *Sejanus* in Ben Jonson's play; and this is the last date at which I find his name. When *Volpone* was acted, in 1605, his name does not appear.

The truth is, that, in 1603, he appears, from the license dated in that year, to have accomplished the purchase of a larger share in the Globe theatre, and the first use he made of his new power was to take his own name from the list of actors!—*New Monthly Magazine*.

The Gatherr.

Elizabeth Islands.—The Elizabeth Islands are about sixteen in number. They extend from near the south-westerly part of Falmouth, North America, and lie in a row of eighteen miles in length, on the south-east side of Buzzard's Bay. The principal islands are Nashawn, Nashawna, Cuttyhunk, Pasque, Nonymasset, Panaguese, and Unca-tana. The surface of these islands is generally uneven; the soil is of good quality, but better adapted to grazing than tillage. With the exception of five or six small farms, the land is uninclosed, and affords pasturage for large numbers of sheep, cattle, and horses. Some parts of the islands are rocky, but most of the stones are of a convenient size to be used in the construction of stone walls. There is not much wood on the islands. Nashawn, a few years since, contained extensive forests of oak, but they were principally cut off about sixteen years ago, and sold for timber and fuel. There are two lighthouses on these islands; one to Cuttyhunk, the most western island, and the other on the south-west side of Tarpaulin Cove. That at Nashawn is built of rough stone, procured in the vicinity. The keeper's house is of the same material, and both are built in a very substantial manner. Nashawn is the largest of the group, being about seven miles in length, and averaging about one in breadth. The present proprietor obtains an annual income of three thousand dollars from it. Like the other islands, it is mostly improved for pasturage. There are on the island a number of sheep and cattle besides horses. Deer are found in considerable numbers; but the proprietor does not allow them to be hunted and killed, except at particular seasons of the year, and then in limited numbers. Near Tarpaulin Cove, in the southerly part, the surface is very uneven and rocky; in the south-west and north-east, it is more level, and free from stones.

W. G. C.

Kean and Rae.—On the first rehearsal of Richard III., Rae, who played Richmond, and little suspected his adversary to be a better fencer than himself, asked him "where he should hit him?" "Where you can, sir," replied Kean; and he is said to have driven poor Rae about the stage for a quarter of an hour, before he would suffer him to make the final thrust.—*Georgian Era*, v. iv.

Charles Lee Lewes was less celebrated as an actor than for his recitations of Steevens's

Lecture on Heads, and Johnny Gilpin. On one occasion he received scarcely any applause, when a friend observed that if he had worn a comical citizen's wig, and thrown it off, in describing Gilpin's fall from the horse, he would have made all the people laugh. "My dear sir," replied Lewes, "it is not wigs the people want now-a-days, but heads."

Follett and Sheridan.—Follett, the Clown (of Covent-garden Theatre), was an extravagant, dissolute man, and always either in "gaol or in jeopardy." He was one day locked up at Hirst's, the sheriff's officer, in Took's-court, when Sheridan was brought in, who either did not know, or did not choose to recognise, Follett; but the pantomimist was not to be denied; and slapping the dramatist on the shoulder, he exclaimed, "They talk of an enlightened age, Mr. Sheridan; and here are two such men as you and I locked up for a few paltry pounds."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

A Scotch Auditor.—Such was their devotion to name and to "known bodies" in bonny Dundee, that when a stranger made his *début*, and some unthinking Sawney was beginning to applaud him, his friend caught his arm and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon! what are you about? Bide a wee bit; naebody kens who he is."—*Ibid*.

Scotch Method of Preserving Eggs.—Dip them, during one or two minutes in boiling water. The white of the egg then forms a kind of membrane, which envelopes the interior, and defends it from the air. This method is preferable to the varnish proposed by Reaumur.

Coleridge's Remorse.—In this play, written and presented to Drury at Sheridan's urgent request, there occurs a scene in which one of the characters, waiting in a cavern, is listening to the dropping of the dank dews into the deep abyss below, the poet has given him this line—

"Drip, drip, drip, a ceaseless sound of water-drops." When Sheridan heard the tragedy read, he exclaimed at this line—

"Drip, drip, drip, here's nothing here but dripping!"

Beginnings.—Dowton, in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee, when asked where he first acted publicly, replied, "In a barn at Ashburton, in Devonshire, or a cow-house, I believe; it was not so good as a barn." Mr. Powell once played Young Norval in *pattens*, (because the stage was flooded from recent rains,) in a wretched shed in which the company held forth. And Kean acted Sir Giles Overreach on a billiard-table, in a small room at Abergavenny.

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